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HOW MR. MONTAGUE BECAME ACQUAINTED WITH PERCY.

GEOFFREY THE GENIUS, AND PERCY THE PLODDER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ARCHE CAMPBELL."
CHAPTER III.

PERCIVAL Malcolm's feelings for his uncle had ever been compounded of love, respect, and gratitude. He well knew that it was to his generosity and kindness that he had been indebted for all the advantages of his education. The income of his

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mother was only derived from her small pension as the widow of a naval officer of neither high rank nor long service, and it would have fared ill with the cultivation of Percival's talents, had not Mr. Belford nobly stood forward in the place of a father to his sister's son. Having himself succeeded to a small patrimonial estate at an early age, which had the advantage of being well looked after during his minority, he had very wisely and

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willingly abstained from the further pursuit of wealth, and had delighted to prove throughout his life the truth of that excellent proverb, so seldom put into practice, that "Content is the true philosopher's stone, which turns everything into gold." He had many virtues and some peculiarities, but the lustre of his benevolence, the beams of his cheerfulness, and the steady light of his practical piety, shed brightness over the slight specks of his quaint sentences, his occasional prolixity, and his harmless irony and sarcasm. He had been a great traveller in his youth, that is, for the time in which he was born; but a few years have made such strides in the means and modes of locomotion, that for a man now to be spoken of under that name, it is not enough that he should have visited every country in Europe. Pooh! almost every one has done *that* now-a-days. Even a slight glance at three out of the four quarters of the globe is scarcely sufficient to earn that title. When pleasure trips "to the Pyramids and up the Nile," are advertised in "The Times," with as much nonchalance as if it were a mere voyage up the Thames to the Twickenham eel-pie house, and while the "superior accommodations of the hotel at Jerusalem" are as duly set forth as those of the "Star and Garter" at Richmond, people must do something very extraordinary in the way of transit before they can expect to have their opinions quoted as the results of the observations of "a great traveller."

But Mr. Belford had not these disadvantages to contend with, and in the little village of Nestlebury he was looked on as "a giant amongst pygmies;" and his acquirements, consequently, were deservedly admired, his advice requested and followed, and his polyglot of proverbs considered the compendium of all learning and wisdom. To Percival there could not be a greater treat than to listen to his uncle's "tales of other lands," from which he always drew some useful and practical lesson. Such "sweet and pleasant converse" was like a stream of clear and sparkling water poured through a parched and thirsty land; and perhaps Percy derived more real enduring benefit from this mental irrigation, so plenteously bestowed in his half-yearly holidays, than from the dry and arid teaching of his paid preceptors.

It is thus, in the sweet garden of a home, that culture may be given to the tender plant, which fits it for its future soil. Insensibly as the soft rain from heaven nourishes the root, and the summer dew invigorates the opening blossom, so the lessons of love from a mother's lips sink in the youthful heart; whilst the vigorous impulse of a father's precepts and example acts like the prop beside the sapling oak, which trains it up to strength and usefulness.

Percival was now to prove what effect advantages such as these had produced on his character; for his education had been satisfactorily completed, and he was soon to be away into the world, and realize the injunction laid on all of Adam's sons, to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. The locality and the pursuit remained yet to be determined.

Geoffrey had often wished him to make the

great metropolis the opening scene of his exertions. Uncle William rather inclined to the idea; his mother gently opposed it; and Percy himself scarcely cared on which side to give his own vote. In the neighbouring manufacturing town of Flaxborough, he had frequently been delighted to watch the extraordinary results produced in various departments of commerce by the dexterous arrangement of certain wheels and spindles, which, like the fabulous powers of a magician's wand, brought order out of confusion, and converted apparent worthless rubbish into fabrics of costliness and utility; and he had some vague thoughts that he should like to enter into a business which would bring him into daily familiarity with these objects of his wonder and admiration. An incident, trifling in itself, decided the question, which had so often been under consideration.

Percy was one evening strolling by the riverside, near the old mill, when a gentleman of middle age, followed by a pretty little spaniel, passed him in the meadow, and crossed the rough bridge of planks over the mill-stream, where the gates were placed which either admitted or shut it off, according as the miller required it. A little above these flood-gates there was a weir, which kept back the water when not in action below, but formed a pretty tumbling-bay when the old mill-wheel was being lazily turned by its descending force. Along the sides of the river, above the weir, the sedgy banks and islets gave shelter to some majestic swans, which sailed in graceful motion on the quiet stream, and plumed their snowy wings in their secure and solitary domain. Few intruders ever shared it with them; it was too much beset with alder bushes in the small swampy islands, to give room for the graceful angler to throw his light treacherous bait upon the smooth surface of the river; and the more greedy seekers of the finny tribe, who plied the occupation for profit, and not for pleasure, placed their nets and creels below the flood-gates, and left the swans in undisturbed serenity.

Still, there was not an urchin in the village but knew their haunts and habits; and although they sometimes ventured along the river's brink to gather yellow king-cups, and the pretty blue forget-me-nots, and stooped forward to snatch a tall slender stem of the fragrant, white, feathery, well-named "meadow-sweet," yet the angry flapping of the snowy pinions would scare them from the spot, and frightened backward looks would often be thrown on the swelling breasts, and high raised heads, which swam so wrathfully towards the youthful intruders. Woe be to the poor dog which, unawares, plunged amongst the reeds and rushes forming the barriers to their jealously-guarded nests! Yelps and howls would soon proclaim that he had met with punishment for his incautious curiosity.

On the evening of which we have just spoken, four of these stately birds were arching their graceful necks, and floating their pure plumage in the clear sparkling stream, a few yards above the weir; the mill was at work, and consequently the water was pouring through the full opened gates, and foaming quite a picturesque cascade, as it dashed down with a rushing sound, almost deafen-

ing to an unaccustomed ear, on to the pebbly bed below, where the foam and bubbles whirled and danced in the beams of the setting sun, which made the drops as they fell from the revolving arms of the weather-stained water-wheel, glitter like pendant diamonds on a green velvet robe. Percival stood still to watch them, as he had often done before, and at this moment the gentleman and his little dog passed him, and stepped on to the rustic bridge. Just beyond it, the pathway turned so abruptly round the angle of the miller's cottage, that they were both almost immediately out of sight; but in a very few minutes Percival's attention was attracted by the quick sharp barking of the spaniel; and on looking towards the spot, he saw that the little creature was very likely to get into trouble for its unnecessary and somewhat impertinent manifestations. It was running with nose on ground, and quick leaping steps, over thick sedge and marshy turf, towards the retreat of the wrathful swans, who marked their instant rage and surprise at such presumption, by striking out in swift but silent motion towards the noisy animal. His master's voice was just then added to his own. He had returned on missing his little favourite, and called, "Fido, Fido," at the pitch of his lungs; but it availed not to recall him from his heedless pursuit, or to avert the punishment which awaited it. Another minute, and the poor little creature was struck violently by the strong wing of one of his pursuers, and flung, helpless and wounded, almost into the middle of the swift running stream.

Percival and the stranger both rushed to the river-side, but poor Fido's fate seemed sealed; he could make but faint struggles to reach the shore, and went drifting rapidly towards the tumbling-bay. In vain his master called to and encouraged him; the poor little animal raised his head and uttered a piteous howl, half, as it were, in entreaty for help, half as a sad farewell; and then he was helplessly dashed down the rushing water through the flood-gates, and would have been sucked under the heavy wooden floats of the mill-wheel, but that it stopped suddenly, as if arrested by magic. In that short space of time, Percy had leaped down the bank, dashed into the mill, and shut off the water from the wheel, and when the miller came hastily from the hopper to learn the cause of such a strange event, the youth was away again, and wading in the shallow though foaming stream, to pick up the half-drowned spaniel.

All was the work of a few minutes; and Fido was restored to his master, and the mill was again in full play, before the two less active of the party could understand how it had all happened. Another person at this moment joined the group, being no other than Uncle William, who had from a short distance witnessed Percival's sudden rush into and exit from the mill, together with his subsequent dash in and out of the water, with no small surprise and some consternation. As he came up to the side of the gentleman, Percy emerged a second time from the mill, having restored it to its full activity, and quieted the apprehensions of his old friend Dan Riley the miller, that "summat had been up wi' the gearing."

"What does it all mean, Percival?" exclaimed his uncle, looking from him to the stranger and his rescued dog, which latter lay panting and exhausted on the grass at his master's feet. The stranger now eagerly prevented Percy's explanation, by narrating in an animated manner what had occurred, and concluded by offering his card to the former, and requesting to know to whom he was indebted for an act of kindness and intrepidity which had saved a favourite and faithful little animal from a painful end.

With natural grace and modesty, Percival introduced his uncle and himself to Mr. Montague, (as the card announced him,) and then, stooping down to press some of the water from Fido's glossy white coat, he said: "The poor little creature is suffering now; I fear his leg is broken."

"Then bring him to our cottage, sir," said Uncle William, coming forward with genuine cordiality, "and I will try whether I still retain the skill in bone-setting which I have successfully exercised many times in my youthful days and travels."

Mr. Montague gladly accepted the offer, and lifted his suffering little favourite in his arms, whilst Percy ran forward and briefly told his mother of his adventure and its consequences, so that she received Mr. Montague courteously, and gave instant aid to the amateur surgeon, by whom the requisite operation was speedily and tenderly performed. When it was over, the grateful little patient licked his kind assistant's hand, and lay quite still on the rug whereon his master had placed him; and then Percy slipped quietly out of the room, in obedience to his mother's whispered entreaty that he would go with her and change those portions of his dress which had been thoroughly wetted by his jump into the mill-stream.

In his absence, Mr. Montague became most eloquent in his praise of the presence of mind, spirit, and disregard of self, which had characterized Percy in his late adventure, to which Uncle William was well disposed to listen and agree, although he thought it incumbent to enter a protest against unqualified approbation; and he even mentioned, somewhat ironically, one or two previous instances of Percy's impetuosity and "self-sufficiency," which Mr. Montague candidly told him rather added to, than diminished, the good opinion he had formed of his nephew.

"And now," he said, "permit me, without offence, to inquire what is to be the future scene of life wherein he will test *my* estimate of his character. In other words, is he to enter a trade or profession, or merely to live as an independent country gentleman like yourself?"

"To work, certainly," replied Mr. Belford emphatically; "there is not a truer saying than that 'idleness is the root of all evil,' and even were it not necessary for him to earn his livelihood, I should still wish him to choose an employment. The human mind is like the soil in our country fields: if left too long fallow, it will grow weeds, where otherwise grain might be sown and flourish."

"Exactly my opinion," returned Mr. Montague; "then let me tell you at once what I have been thinking of since my pleasant introduction to you

and your nephew." He then mentioned his having lately purchased a large cotton factory, and that he needed an intelligent youth to enter his employ to assist his confidential clerk or secretary. "Your nephew seems the very one to suit me," he concluded; "will you speak to him and his mother about it, by and by, and in a few days let me have the pleasure of seeing you at my house in Flaxborough, and hearing your decision?"

He soon afterwards took a friendly farewell of his new acquaintance, and Percival accompanied him to the inn where he had left his horse and gig, bearing Fido in his arms, who lay in happy quiet confidence, and looked up gratefully with his large trustful eyes to his preserver.

On his return, his uncle made him acquainted with the proposal of Mr. Montague, which had already appeared to his mother like a providential opening for her boy's future prospects, and somewhat anxiously inquired what he himself thought of it.

"That I should like the situation very much, uncle; but I shall have very much to learn," he answered modestly.

"Of course, of course, my boy: that you would anywhere; but 'those who would eat the kernel must crack the nut'; so, if on inquiry the situation suits in other respects, your present ignorance of its duties must not interfere with its acceptance. In all things, 'the hardest step is over the threshold.' Remember that, Percy, for good or for ill; and now let us go and consult Mr. Armitage: he deserves that attention for the interest he has always shown in your welfare."

The squire's testimony to the respectability of Mr. Montague was most satisfactory. "I congratulate you, Percy," he said; "there is nothing like having a good friend to start one in life. See how capitally Geoffrey is getting on, through the introduction of Mr. Needham; and you may do well, though in a less elevated position, by taking advantage of present circumstances."

Uncle William let this little bit of pomposity pass with a smile, and only said, as they walked home: "Our neighbour will one day find out, in the person of his son, that 'the tree must be pruned before it reaches the skies.'"

Subsequent interviews with Mr. Montague confirmed their mutually favourable impressions; and after a few weeks' preliminary arrangements, Percival Malcolm quitted the home of his youth, to enter permanently on the arena of life's duties. Mrs. Malcolm and her brother felt the parting much; for although the distance was but six miles which would divide them, it was the first real severance of the ties of home, and the mother's heart swelled, and the ready tears sprung forth, as she fervently prayed God to bless her boy in his new career.

Uncle William had to clear his throat violently before he could say "farewell" with proper firmness, or give voice to a few oracular sentences, but at length they flowed forth: "God be with you, my son," was the aspiration from Holy Writ, which, as it were, sanctified what followed. "In your new sphere of life remember this advice, and these

maxims of your old uncle. Be cheerful. 'He never wrought a good day's work who went grumbling about it.' Be diligent and economic. 'Industry is fortune's right hand, frugality her left.' Never procrastinate. 'By the street of by-and-by one gets to the house of never.' Above all, keep your integrity. 'Honesty may be dear bought, but can never be a dear pennyworth.' And now, once more, God speed you."

LIFE AT LUCKNOW.

LANDSEER's celebrated pictures of War and Peace must be familiar to most of our readers; and the contrast in European scenery which he graphically depicts may be suggested, with regard to India, by the accompanying illustrations of a new application of steam to river navigation. The public thanksgiving for the termination of the Sepoy rebellion naturally awakens hopes of better days for India, when peaceful commerce and industry will flourish, and when Christianity will diffuse its blessings throughout regions that have been the habitations of cruelty and crime. While the attention of our readers is directed towards the East, we have pleasure in publishing a letter from one of the chaplains at Lucknow, giving an account of his daily life at that station, after the storm of war had passed, and when affairs were settling down into their ordinary state.

I gather from all sorts of public prints, dear reader, that you are just now very much interested in Indian matters. You have just begun to feel that really you did not know much about a great empire and a great people, and now you are hearing a great deal that is true, partially true, and not true in any sense, from wise men in parliament and wiser men out, who, begging their pardon, if they lived in the midst would have something considerable to learn and considerably more to unlearn. So, then, I have taken the liberty to suppose that you would like to understand a little more of Anglo-Indian daily life; at least, if you care to know anything about an Indian chaplain; and if you don't, why it does not much matter; you can go on to the next paper (there is always something to interest everybody in the "Leisure Hour"), and leave me to the last, or to a wet day.

But to begin *ab initio*. I should like to tell you who I am, and how I came out here; for if I am to make a public confession, it may as well be a full one. My pre-existent state was that of a London curate, in the populous parish of Marylebone; hard-worked, hard-paid, looked up to on Sundays when in the desk, and looked down upon on Mondays when on the pavement, by Lord Gold, who came to our church in his chariot. As London curate, I saw a great many things which I did not like to see, and which nobody would believe if I described them. I saw, on Mondays to Saturdays, a great deal of the filth, wretchedness, and sin of the huge metropolis; the unprincipled cunning and unvirtuous intelligence which, otherwise directed, might have benefited the State; the dodges and wily stratagems of schemers and impostors, who

knew the weaknesses and the woes of human nature, and found it easy to live on the superfluities of the rich and credulous; the vice, tyranny, and injustice which the selfishness, covetousness, and want of consideration of the few, bring on the many in this Christian enlightened nineteenth century.

I saw all this, and wept, and, though I say it, who ought not, tried to drop some oil on the troubled hearts; and when I could not make the road of this world smooth, I sought to point the way to another. "There remaineth a rest for the people of God."

This was "Monday at Home."

Sunday at home was a different tale: I saw then, when perched up in my desk, Lady Luxury repeat in pious earnestness, with all the Honourable Misses Luxuries, the suffrages of the glorious Litany; and wealth and fashion took homeopathic doses of penitence. Jewels came out on Sundays, though St. James says something about another kind of adorning—more jewels on right hands on sacramental Sundays than would feed my parish a week, or endow two churches. I have said my church and parish were in Marylebone. It was a church of fashion; that is, a crowd, (we English like a crowd,) and Lord Gold was always there when he was in town; but Mr. Peace never came; and Mrs. Pence, and the little Pences were things all too small to have souls. But what should they be doing there? Lazarus should be outside the gates with the low dogs, and so he was; for just outside the church walls the Miseries lived; and the Luxuries, brother men and women, rolled up and rolled away and rolled past the Miseries, and knew and cared nothing about them. Is there not a word in the Scriptures, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor?" And though I say it, who ought not, I hated all this, and longed to get away from it all, as I could not alter it. However, I went into my district day by day, and visited from cellar to garret, from cab-stand to alley and court, and learnt (like the prisoner of Chillon his dungeon) to love my low, dark, fever-haunted beat, and strove, in God's strength, to touch the outside of the mass of work. I loved the poor, too, and listened to their wretched stories, and appreciated by degrees the comedy and the sublime poetry of human life strangely commingled, and said a word to each; or I stood on a box in the court or street, and caught the passer-by, and attracted the lookers-out of windows, who were too dirty, too ragged and worn-out, to leave their wretched one-room castle; and I hope a word in season was sown.

And then there were Sunday schools, with a strong smell of alley fustian, and pale faces looking out of the fustian, with bright eyes and thin cheeks, and heads unusually developed. There were also sick to visit, and prayer meetings and Bible classes, and committees, and teachers' meetings, and district visitors' meetings; and work, work, work, rolling up the stone all week and it falling down all Sunday, and roll, roll. Such is the curate's life in London. So now you know, dear reader, a little, though only a very little, I assure you, of the work of the London curate.

A kindly lady, and a kindly East India director,

knowing my little family by every little one *plus*, was becoming a great family, and I *minus*, put into my hands one fine day, unasked, an Indian chaplaincy; and so I left my jewelled congregation, whom I read to and never spoke to, and my dirt and dust parish, and the salt of good old Christians, living generally in poor out-of-the-way places, and I set out overland for India; and so no more of the London curate. You will not think less of the class from what I have written; nay, you will, if you do as I would wish you, aid them by your sympathy and your prayers, and value them highly for their work's sake in Christ Jesus.

Coming in from my dirty, dusty work one day, my dear wife put into my hands a very thin, long, fashionable note, with a blue animal looking fierce and aristocratic on the top of the gum of the envelope. The handwriting was strange: who could it be from? Some noble patron of the poor, begging of me to inquire into the case of the Pences, who had pestered her ladyship for bread? Sad nuisance these brethren in need! "The poor shall not depart out of the land." No, it is not. I opened. It is very short and very much to the point. It is an offer of an Indian chaplaincy. My dear reader, I can't tell you what I felt! how I thought I ought to be thankful for so good a gift! how home, dear home, still had a charm for me. However, I first decided to accept it, and then asked everybody that looked at all yellow, or had been out of England, what India was like. I cannot tell you the thousand different answers, opinions, and advices I received. Some liked it, some hated it; to some it was the garden of Eden, to others it was the very opposite. Some liked Bombay, others Bengal, while a third declared there was no place like Madras. However, I got rid of my house, sold my furniture, packed up my books, visited my friends, tried to be cheerful and hopeful, and left overland for India.

I can't remember now what my ideas of India were here. I do not suppose I had any distinct idea of India, further than could be gathered from the tales of the Garden of Hesperides, Alladin's wonderful lamp, and certain old nabobs of the colour of gold; and had I been asked why I was going all the way to India, I could not perhaps have given any very good idea, except that it was something new; it had a promise of a sufficiency; at any rate it was not Marylebone, and up-hill and down-alley work, and the Miseries living close to the Luxuries; and so, with the hope we set off, "Lares and Penates," and enjoyed the overland trip, with all its new and varying scenes and historic associations, and we got hotter and more interested, and made the acquaintance of mosquitoes, felt ourselves really exiles, and landed in Calcutta after a six weeks' journey.

I won't say anything about Calcutta, "the City of Palaces," because the palaces looked very dirty after the rains, and the brick and the plaster showed to great disadvantage. I won't describe all the queer novel things that strike a stranger, and would interest you, dear reader; but I will take you to my home—home in India, far away from Marylebone—home in a large magnificent

city, the subject of a famous siege during the mutiny, where the London curate is chaplain. When I was at home, I was called Curate of St. Loaf-for-the-Rector in the West and St. Crumbs-for-the-Curate in the East. Now I am called "padre," and I like it better; it is more kindly and friendly, and it don't mean £80 a-year and rolling stones up-hill all week, that will roll down again as fast: and my parishioners, the civilians, have given me a bungalow, and I have plenty of room and a fine view, (when you dare put out your head to look at it,) and there is one other lady besides my wife for society, and hosts of civilians, whose income is to mine as seven to one. But, never mind: God gives dew to buttercups, and feeds sparrows; so don't grumble, padre: a man's life doth not consist in the abundance of the things he possessth: "Contentment, with godliness, is great gain."

Well, then, I am at "home" in this splendid city, every foot of which reminds me of the mutinies. Up and down, there are their works, their loopholes, and their bastions; but now we are masters. Here is the history of a day in their midst.

It is five o'clock in the morning. In old England you have just begun to turn round and take the last good sleep, though the Iron Duke said that "when a man turns round it is time to turn out;" but then, we can't all be as iron-like as that old campaigner. Now, if any one came into your room in London at five, you would think he was mad, or you would ask if there was a fire, or whether the lady who *had been* playing, and always was playing, at the piano, till you wished you had not an ear, was ill—seriously ill. Well, at five, or a little before it, I am wide awake, and the children are dressed and going out, and there is a noise abroad—a sign that other people have been awake some time. I call out with a loud voice, (for not a bell will you find in India,) "Cha lao," ("Bring tea,") and a voice answers, "Cha lata, Sahib," ("Tea is being brought"). I reach the holy book from the table and read a chapter to my wife while it is coming, and raise a word of praise to our Father, that our eyes have seen again the returning light, emblem of his preserving power. How weary I feel before the tea comes! I have laid tossing to and fro, the heat and mosquitoes being sad enemies to sleep and rest. But now the tea has come. The ayah (nurse) says, "Cha lia," ("The tea is brought,") and I answer very cheerfully "lao." In comes a beautiful ayah, black as night, but a beauty still, with a silver ornament more tastefully arranged on her raven locks than ever I saw in England. In comes the tea, with a crown of goat's milk, that gives so fragrant a flavour to it. In comes the crisp toast and the butter, just cooled in ice to prevent it melting away at five o'clock even, so hot is the air. I sit up in bed to welcome the tea, and get a dreadful rap on the head with a huge towel, of which I had ungratefully forgotten the existence; but it is now in the way, and I pull it down, though all night long, as it swung from the punkah within an inch of my nose, it swept away the light but sanguinary mosquito. I have drunk

my tea, and we say we are refreshed; but we are not, for the air is *oveny*.

The ayah says the buggy is ready, (this is a gig with a hood). It is now half-past five, and it is as hot as in the middle of the day in June in England. But if we go very fast in the open air, it will appear cooler; so off we go, meeting twenty other poor weary creatures driving as fast as they can, to get air and *spirit* for the day's toil, whatever it may be. As you go, you see four thousand coolies, (native workmen, so scantily clad as to shock some folk in England,) demolishing all sorts and sizes of buildings, without any favour, that are within five hundred yards of the fortified post—a penalty of the mutiny. Curious change! these said coolies, four months ago, were building fortifications for the "pandies;" now they are pulling down pandy houses—it may be their own—and working for us. I wonder what they think of it all. Oh war, what a monster thou art! Here you pass a place where thousands of pandies bit the dust, and living and dead, in one moving sea, were trodden over and bayoneted by our soldiery. Here you see thousands of bullocks and carts, and camels, elephants and their drivers and attendants—a very populous and not fragrant spot; so let us drive past. Here you have a long line of dholies—stretchers carried by bearers; the poor wounded and convalescent soldiers from the hospital are going out for their morning airing. Look how pale and worn they seem; I hope they are cared for. But let us turn away; here are green trees, beautiful grand trees, but they don't give you the refreshing idea which an English tree gives. They look hot, and surprised at themselves for being so green, where everything else is so brown. Heaven sent trees to the poor natives where the sun is so hot. See, here are grass-cutters coming home with food for the horses for the day. What curious grass! how dirty and brown it looks! Yes, but it has to be washed, and the earth shaken out of it, before it is used. On that parched, burnt-up bit of ground yonder, the poor grass-cutter, with his bit of iron, has grubbed up roots and all.

Well, I am come home again. My home is a stratagem for keeping out the heat and dust. I am supposed to be refreshed, and I hope I am; but I would rather always walk to my poor neglected parish in England, than drive the handsomest turn-out you could give me in India.

And now begins the day. Shut the doors; pull down the blinds; pull the punkah, for all is hot outside. Everything reflects sun, heat, and dust; and you try to live, like a man in a diving-bell at the bottom of the sea of life, till the cool evening arrives for you to come up to the top to breathe. And now chits (written notes) begin; no one can come to you, and you can't go to any one; so you shuttlecock little notes about the station, about nothing and everything, rude chits and civil chits, chits long and short chits, question chits and answer chits, Sahib ka chits and mem Sahib ka chits, and you scribble and fold, and fold and scribble, pretty well all day long. I now try to read and study before breakfast; but I feel hot and lazy, and

I am half inclined not to. Conscience, however, reminds me that time is a talent, and that this sad tendency to do nothing, and have a climate excuse for it, will grow on me; so I sit down and say, "A stout heart to a stae brae," that is, a stout heart when you have a steep hill before you. But just as I begin, about fifty men come; they are called wallas. There is the box walla, and the chuk walla, and the tin walla, and the dawk walla, and forty-six beside of the wallas; but I will just tell you about these four.

Well, first, there is the ghost walla (*id est*) butcher man (walls means man or fellow). Now, Mr. Fat and Sleek Butcher-man, though you may not eat the meat you kill, you look as if you did. What have you got this morning? Leg and loin, as usual, all the year round. Sometimes a little beef, if a cow is killed. I take a quarter of a sheep, and pay for it a rupee (2s.); you would give eight or ten; but then I can get nothing else, and it won't keep till to-morrow. So much mutton and chicken, I almost feel like a lamb myself, and expect some day that my wife will cackle.

And now, what have you got, Mr. Boxwalla? worthy type of the English pedlar, with his wondrous box of marvels on his back—a *multum in parvo*, as if he thought for all. I get some pens, and a looking-glass, and a bottle of oil, and my wife buys some Harvey's sauce, and a smelling-bottle, and tape and thread, and a box of Crosse and Blackwell's oysters—fresh milted, the label says; but the tin box is hot, and the oysters have been much shaken. Well, salaam, and off he goes; and then comes the chuk-walla, a man who makes reed blinds that keep off the glare and flies—especially the flies. As you are at breakfast, the sugar is black with them; the milk has ended the life and covetousness of a dozen; they and you struggle for the last mouthful of bread and butter, and the last drop of tea. Here, there, and everywhere, unhappy family scavengers, begone. Now the chucks keep these out, and let the air in, if there is any.

Then up speaks the tin-walla. My kitmutgar, or Mussulman table-servant, tells me the tin-walla is wanted; all our cooking utensils are of brass, and require to be coated bi-monthly with tin, to make them wholesome, or the soup and tea will be poisoned and sickness ensue. Well, sitting down, he brings an old pig-skin for a bellows, and makes a little fire on the ground, melts his tin and solder, and rubs it on and on, half burning his black hands off, and he is gone. I am just going to have prayers and sit down to breakfast, when the dawk-walla, or pandy postman, comes. Rudely I seize the letters; my wife is envious, and, looking at me, says, before I can possibly have had time to know, "Are there any for me?" But I don't know; I am not looking at the names; I am looking to see (poor exile!) if there are any from home—from mother dear, or sister Emily, or Charles the parson, or Frank the lawyer; but there are none. I have got the heartache, so I give the whole batch over to my wife to read.

I really believe, kind, gentle reader, that if you knew the clinging to home, the feeling of

pilgrimage of India, and the consequent love of a home letter which we all have, you, yes you, would write me a letter just out of pure human kindness, and tell me all about my poor parish of dust and dirt in Marylebone. If you were only to tell me of the cab-stand in M— Street, or of the lame sweeper near my old church, or of the small boys who hope for fish in Regent's Park, if you live in town; or, if you live in the country, if you could tell me only how early the blackthorn blossomed, and where the swallows built in Squire Bucklebury's stone porch; and how John Mickle carried off, by his industry and skill, all the prizes at the agricultural meeting; and how parson Lexicon's only dark-eyed daughter died of a fever, caught when on some visit of mercy to the poor; I should be so much obliged. The letter would have an English postmark, and be from home.

Well, now it is time for breakfast; I have written my letters, read prayers, and it is now ten o'clock. Here is an Indian breakfast. Of course you have the punkah, and two or three black Adonises in elaborate head-dresses, aromating the air behind you; and of course you have hot-water plates, as the kitchen is one hundred yards off at least; and you have a breakfast, not English, but rather Scotch. See, there are eight dishes. I have just caught a mosquito taking his breakfast off my hand; he might at least have waited till I had mine, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that the blood he sheds is all my own.

- Dish 1. Rice, of course.
- 2. Curry chicken.
- 3. Some sort of dished meat.
- 4. Duki, curds.
- 5. Boiled fish.
- 6. Sujee, for my wife,

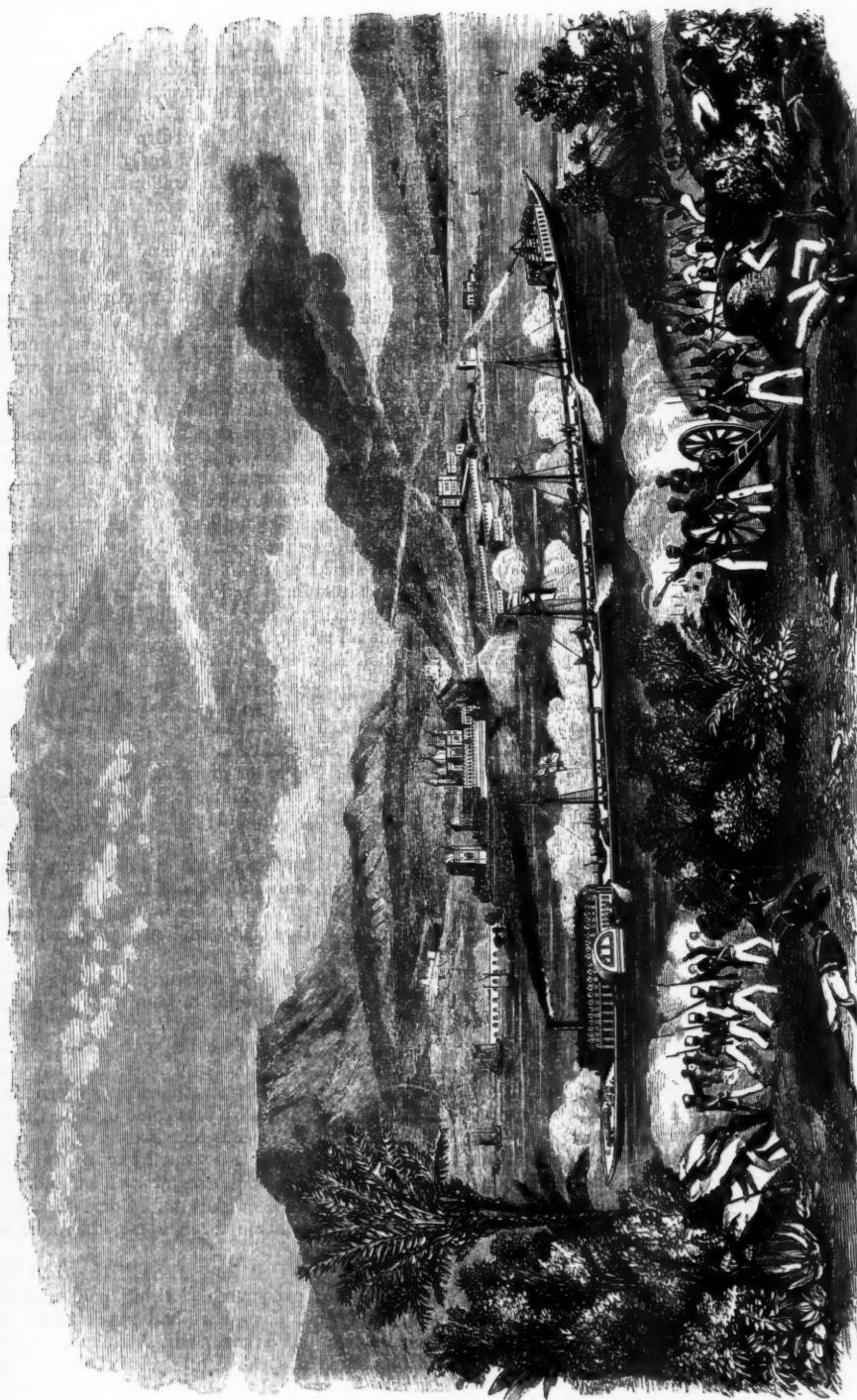
who is Scotch, and thinks it is like porridge, and reminds her of Scotland; and of course eggs, tea, and toast.

Now I declare I can't eat one of them; greasy, badly cooked, and full of native onions, I abhor the whole thing. So I take an egg, some tea and toast, and perhaps a little fish and jam, and am off to the hospital.

The hospital is close at hand; but the sun, like ten thousand fires, prohibits your walking a yard; so I order my covered cart and set off.

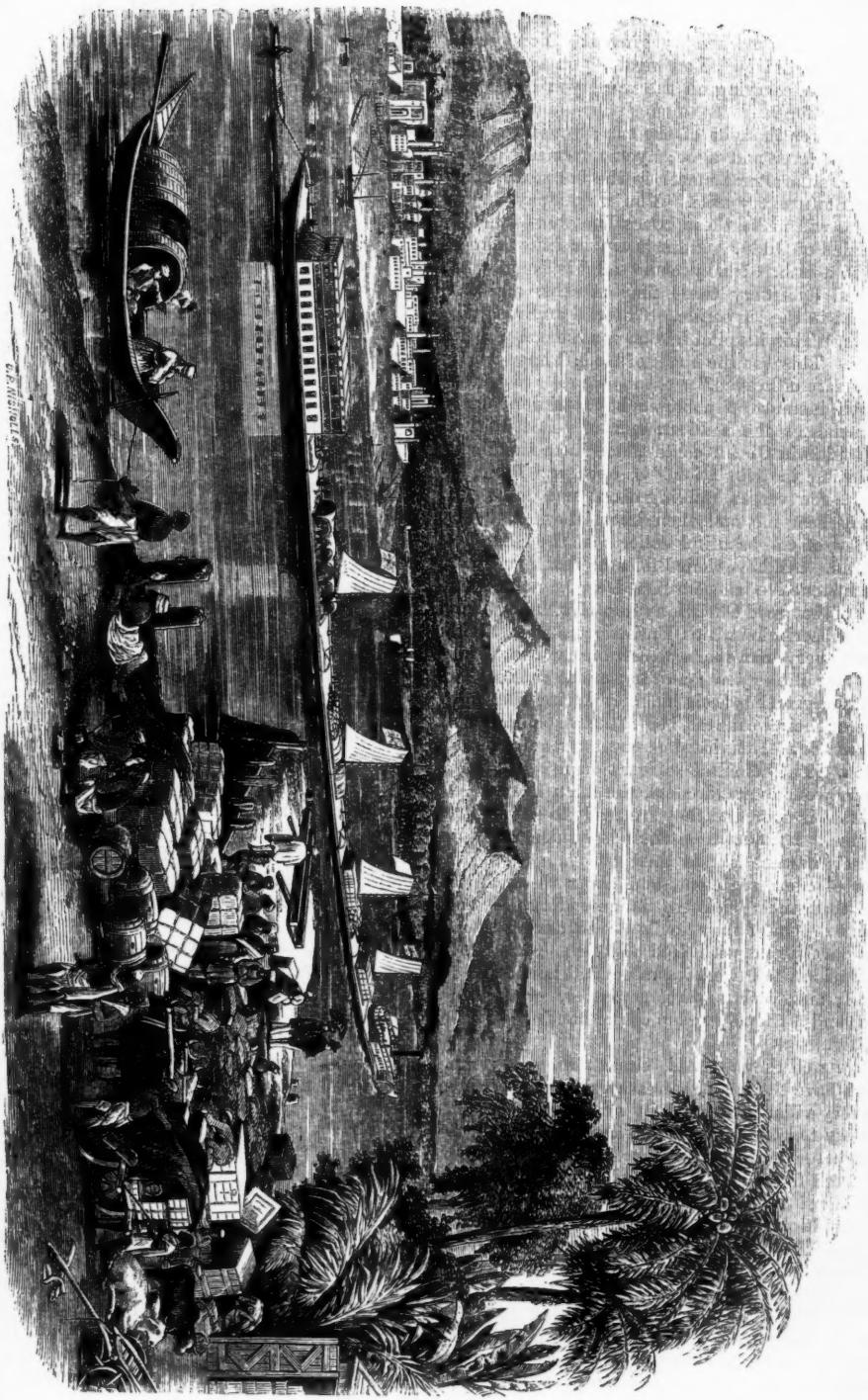
I am glad you can't come with me, reader. I am glad no eye but my own sees the misery and wretchedness that sit on those poor worn faces. This lot, in ward 1, have just come in from the district; they have been out on a *dowar*, or expedition against some rebels, who ran away a great deal quicker than we could run after them, and these poor fellows have been sent on. Some are afflicted with sun-stroke, some fever, some diarrhoea, and some dysentery.

Now I know that imprudent living, bad food, insufficient or over-much clothing, cold nights of sentry duty, hot days, have had much to do with their illness; but I know who had far more to do with it; and if I speak strongly, it is because I have seen what I speak about. Who inflamed the minds of men out here to push on the war? who wrote strong articles about the necessity of not delaying



WAR.

C. P. R. R.



till the cold season, but carrying on a hot-weather campaign? who was ready to blame and condemn that officer who, careful of his men, was not so brilliant and dashing as the reckless leader whose track of success was marked by graves? You, gentle reader, you did it. You wrote, you spoke, you were for the carrying on the war; you could and would pay for it.

You never thought of the sun; you never calculated of fever and ague; you never saw a hospital in India, after a march in the hot season, men falling down every mile. You would pay for it! but who will make these bones live that bleach in the plains of Oude? Here is a poor fellow almost worn to a lath. I may count all his bones. He has had dysentery these four months, and had a wound in the leg beside. Cheerful and resigned, he says, "This hospital has been a blessed place to me, sir. This was the house of God: I hope it may be the gate of heaven."

Noble instance of a heroic hope, triumphant in circumstances the saddest, and of peace in trial, which faith in Christ could alone have sustained! "Rejoicing in tribulation!" I open my Bible, expound a few verses, walking about as I do so, that all may hear me, and then kneel down and offer up a few of the beautiful collects of the Church of England. All have their Bibles or Testaments, and some instructive book furnished by the noble generosity of that good Christian ruler, Mr. Montgomery, and a subscription which I raised from the civilians. Almost every man reads something, and most men read their Bibles *first*; and those who cannot read, bitterly regretting their inability during the weary hours of their weakness, beg of me a spelling-book.

I pass on. Individual cases now require my attention. The medical officers have been their rounds, wounds are dressed, the linen is changed, breakfast is over, and they are ready to see and talk with me. I sit down on their bed-sides, call them by their names, talk to them of home or the exploits of their regiment, and cheer them, in the hope that their sickness is amending. I then speak to them of their soul's health, asking them if they have peace with God through Jesus Christ our Saviour, tell them its value, and how to be obtained; and, with a parting prayer, or a kindly word, and a friendly grasp of the hand, I am off to another.

How well they attend! Great strong hands and hearts have these rough creatures, some of them up to every villainy, steeped in sin, and accustomed to every temptation, especially those from the large manufacturing towns, (while some are quite boys just fresh from the country); and yet, what hearts they have! fine delicate sensitive natures, on whom the simple word of God tells, and the love of Jesus melts, and they yield like children to the Spirit's teaching. Very sad and melancholy, in some sort, were those daily visits: the numbers I missed gone to their last home, the number of new faces who came to their places in the hospital, and perhaps to be laid beside them in the graveyard; but full of comfort and blessedness to know and feel that one's humble efforts were so abundantly crowned with success and so gratefully appreciated. I could,

were it part of my plan, repeat the golden dying sayings, rich in meaning, eloquent of peace, flowing from love to the Saviour, which I heard from many of those poor soldiers. I could relate the gradual change, as it took place under my eye, of the Holy Spirit working on tough coarse hearts, now grown gentle and forbearing, as new-born Christians should be. I could describe the experiences of souls whom God had pleased to afflict, that they might be brought to know him and his Son Jesus Christ, and repent of the black past; but why expose to public view those tender experiences of the heart? What so strange that God should bless his word, and be with his people by his Spirit, as he has promised? Why parade these touching soulographies, as if they were rare, and not to be looked for? Alas! rather bless God and take courage.

Yonder is the wounded ward. Arms, legs, face, head, the unkindly ball has gone through and injured. Here is a curious case: a ball went through this poor fellow's neck; it scarcely left a mark; it injured no part of his neck; but he cannot move the two first joints of his two middle fingers on his left hand. See, he is writing a letter home! In this ward I read and pray with the men. That man is dying; and I pray for him. He says he is quite happy, and begs me to write and say so to his dear wife and family, who are at Umballa. Here is a hard case: a fine manly handsome fellow, of the 1st Battalion of the Rifle Brigade. I talk with him very often, and have done several things for him; and yet whenever I begin to read to him, or to speak to him about religion, his pains always come on, and he begs me to come another day. Ah friend! will that convenient season ever come?

This is the fever ward. This poor fellow is in the agonies of ague; hot baths, rubbings, nothing will avail to make the poor fellow warm. See how the fever has reduced them! a few kind words, the offer of some mess or jelly, a few verses of God's word and a prayer, and I am gone. There are between three and four hundred patients, and so I visit half one day and half the next. What a blessing they have books. From the time I leave till the medical officers come again, with the exception of a few orderlies, they will see no one. A black dirty native stands at each bed-side, (to whom they cannot speak, as they do not understand the language,) who keeps away the flies, and ought to attend on them, but who sleeps and does nothing, and they so helpless. It is the general hospital—a miserable place; in the regimental hospital each man has a comrade to wait on him, a European—some comfort in his sickness. But here are men from all regiments, and the man of the 20th does not know and care for the 23rd, and so their life, with only a black attendant, is cheerless. I am tired, and go home. It is near two o'clock, the hottest part of the day; everybody in India, who can, is on his bed. If anybody is mad enough to call, one is asleep—*soleti*: the Indian equivalent for "not at home"—the fashionable lie of England.

Well, if he is not asleep, he wishes to go, and is trying to go, and why should the weary be disturbed? and so I don't get up. At four I awake; I am hot and weary, and call for tea again, and tea

and toast comes, and refreshes me, and I lie and read for an hour, and then, like a fish come up to breathe, go for my evening drive at six o'clock. It is quite light and bright at six, at seven it is dark; the sun has gone, there is no twilight; now for dinner—just breakfast over again, only with soup and puddings added; but I am not hungry, I must have some iced beer, Bass or Allsopp, and then I can manage to eat. What weary work! It is now eight; tea or coffee, the newspaper or a book, or some music till nine, and then away to bed; no one out of bed at nine, tired and glad to rest, though one has done nothing. Shut doors, have prayers. Thank God, another day is over. May his blessing rest on its good deeds, and his mercy forgive its evil ones. Good night; I am going to sleep. Two or three tosses, wrestling with my own weariness, and then, too weak to struggle any more, I forget everything and am asleep.

So ends a day in India, and every day is just like this; no news, no change, little or no visiting; a dreadful silence, a melancholy weariness, is everywhere.

On Sunday there is work, buying and selling, native noises and festivals; the quiet, the stillness of an English Sunday you cannot find. It is not Sunday to the natives, so your tailor and your joiner, and all your servants would work if you would let them.

I miss this quiet of Sunday more than I can describe. Well, on Sunday, the only day that differs at all, we have two services, one at half-past six, and one at half-past five—short services, always less than an hour.

But what congregations! In India, men are like men in England; some go, some don't, but with this difference—as there is no fashion in the thing, no influence brought to bear on them, nothing lost or won, the man who does go to church means it, loves the Lord's house, and hence the congregation is more, in the primitive sense, the church of God. The deadly climate, the weary exile, the able and earnest preachers, conduce to this result; and God grant that it may long be so.

And now, good reader, here ends my chit-chat with you, of many things, lively and severe, grave and gay. I have given you, I believe, a faithful view of a day's work in my poor parish, and what I do in a day in India, and I say to you, if you can help it, don't come to India; let no golden dreams deceive you; be content with a dry crust in England, and worship God in the land and at the homes of your fathers.

CATCH A WEASEL ASLEEP."

This homely proverb, with which all the world is conversant, probably owes its origin to the fact that the weasel, being so agile and lithe in its movements, seems well fitted to represent an image of restlessness; add to which, its habits are nocturnal, and, as it hides in some favourite hole during the hours of daylight, one is very unlikely to catch this little fellow napping.

It would be more difficult to find a clue to Shakspeare's meaning when he says—

"Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrelsome as the weasel."

It does not appear that they fight among each other; and there is evidence to prove that the female—which, by the way, is much smaller than the male—is a most loving mother, little creature as she is, but seven inches long and two and a half high; she will defend her young with the utmost desperation against any assailant, and sacrifice her own life rather than desert them. Even when the nest is torn up by a dog, she rushes out with great fury, and fastens herself upon his neck or nose. Piercing are the weasel's teeth, and fatal to the small animals on which it preys; but, in its turn, it sometimes falls into the clutches of the hawk. The following fact shows, however, that in an emergency it has its wits about it, and that superior strength is not always a match for the ingenuity of an inferior enemy. A gentleman of the name of Pindar was riding one day over his grounds, when he saw, at a short distance from him, a kite pounce upon some object on the ground and rise with it in his talons. In a few moments, however, the kite began to show signs of great uneasiness, rising rapidly in the air, or as quickly falling and wheeling irregularly round, whilst it was evidently endeavouring to force some obnoxious thing from it with its feet. After a short but sharp contest, the kite fell suddenly to the earth, not far from the place where Mr. Pindar was intently watching the transaction. He instantly rode up to the spot, when a weasel ran away from the kite, apparently unhurt, leaving the bird dead, with a hole eaten through the skin under the wing, and the large blood-vessels of the part torn through.

The nest of this animal is made of dry leaves and grass, and is warm and dry; generally placed in some hole of a bank, a dry ditch, or a hollow tree. M. Buffon relates a curious fact which fell under his observation: a weasel was taken in his neighbourhood, with three young ones, out of the carcase of a wolf that had been hung on a tree by the hind feet. The wolf was almost entirely putrefied, and the weasel had made a nest for her young in the jaws of the beast.

There are vast numbers of weasels in Finmark, and the traveller Leems has mentioned a curious thing relative to them, which he was assured by those who had often witnessed it was a fact. "If a clue of thread be fastened to a fish or anything else of which a weasel is fond, he will, after dragging the food to his hole, bring back the clue of thread." The Alpine weasel is called by the Norwegians, truly and fitly enough, Royste Kat; that is, "stone cat," because it lives among the heaps of stones, and because it hunts mice with even greater agility and success than the domestic cat.

The weasel is the most determined and successful enemy of the rat tribe; it hunts them with unceasing avidity, pursues them into their holes, and, seizing its prey near the head, fixes its sharp teeth into a vital part. This pretty animal has been much maligned, and most of the depredations in the farmyard and hencroosts attributed to it are, in reality,

due to the stoat. Indeed, it ought to be fostered as a destroyer of vermin, rather than exterminated as a noxious depredator. When running on level ground, it is a very awkward-looking animal; its great length and slenderness of body, and the shortness of its legs, are very much against speed; but in climbing trees, or threading the long and narrow galleries of field-mice, this seeming disproportion is of the greatest use to it. A weasel may be seen coursing along the boughs of a tree, winding himself round, above or below, just as suits his purpose, with all the ease and agility of a squirrel. He will enter a wheat-rick at the bottom, and in less than a minute be seen peeping out under the thatch; for it is a fact that wheat-ricks are very often a complete honeycomb, with the galleries made in them by mice and rats, extending from the very crown to the faggots on which they are built, and hundreds of these vermin are frequently found in one rick.

The weasel's usual habitation is the gallery of a field-mouse which he has ejected, and he generally chooses one in a bank in which the roots of bushes are plentiful and strong, as he well knows that these will effectually prevent his being dug out by any enemy; while he invariably takes the precaution to select a burrow with two openings, so that if one is besieged, he makes his exit at the other. "I recollect," says an acute observer of nature, "seeing a weasel go into a little round hole scarcely bigger than the hole of a wasp's nest; I immediately put my foot on it, and despatched a lad who was with me for a spade, determined to take the little fellow alive. The spade came; we dug away, cut through roots, pulled down the bank, and did no end of mischief, and after two hours' labour, found that the hole went right through the bank, and came out on the other side."

The same authority has given a most animated description of a weasel chasing a rat. He and his friend were sitting on a stile, when suddenly a very large rat came bustling down the hedge just before them, bringing with him a lot of loose earth. A little bit of a weasel followed him down the bank, holding his head well up, like a fox-hound, running breast high. The rat had crossed the path, and got into a little low bank on the other side of the footpath, over which he scrambled, and came out among some swede-turnips in the adjoining field at the very moment the weasel went into the low bank hunting him. He ran in and among them, continually crossing his own track, and then, making a little circle, he came to the bank, and, climbing over it, got into the footpath about a hundred yards from the observers; and then, running straight along the middle of the path, paced under the stile on which they were perched, and about ten yards behind them went into the thick bank.

The weasel hunted well in the little low bank, and seemed a good deal puzzled, staying there much longer than the rat; at last he appeared to have found out that the game had taken to the turnips; here he pursued him with great earnestness; but, finding the trick that had been played to puzzle him, he, like a reasoning creature, made a large circle, going completely outside all the

trail: by this scheme he gained on the rat by recovering the scent just where he had gone over the little bank the last time. In a few moments he was in the footpath, and came galloping up in fine style, his back arched, his head up, and his tail in a straight line behind him. He passed under the stile, and in his eagerness overshot the path where the rat had gone into the bank. It was only for a moment; he came back, quartered the ground, found the trail, and was in the bank in no time. A blackthorn overhung the path: something moved in it: it was the rat; the weasel was going up the stem: he was close after him: he evidently viewed him: he gained on him: the rat dropped himself into the footpath, the weasel did the same, and followed him up the bank within a foot. A shrill cry was heard; first long, then short, shorter, then all was still. The two companions went quietly up to the place: the weasel left his prey, hissing like an angry cat; the brain of the rat was laid completely bare, but his body quivered for nearly a minute after.

Notwithstanding the wild and intractable nature of these little animals, they are capable of being tamed. Buffon declared it impossible to bring the weasel into any degree of subjection; but a Mademoiselle de Laistre corrected him, asserting that she had succeeded in doing so. She gives a very pleasing account of the education and manners of her pet. It frequently ate from her hand, and seemed to be more delighted with this manner of feeding than any other. By day, it slept in a quilt, into which it crept by an unsewn place it had discovered on the edge, and during the night it was kept in a wired box; but it was always loath to enter this cage. If set at liberty before its mistress had risen, after playing a thousand gambols, it would nestle under the bed-clothes, or sleep in her hand. When she was dressing, it played about her, jumping upon her head and neck, and running round on her arms and waist with a surprising lightness and elegance. If she held her hands out to it at the distance of three feet, it would spring into them, without once missing. The little creature was willful in its ways, apparently disobeying some injunctions merely from caprice; and during all its actions it seemed very solicitous to draw attention, looking at every jump to see if it were noticed. If not observed, it ceased its manœuvres and betook itself to sleep. In the midst of twenty other people, it immediately distinguished the voice of its mistress, and hastened to spring over everybody in its eagerness to reach her. Its play with her was most caressing and lively; with its two little paws it would pat her on the chin, uttering a murmuring noise expressive of delight. One remarkable peculiarity in this interesting animal was its curiosity. Mademoiselle de Laistre found it impossible to open a drawer or a box in its presence, or even to look at a paper, without its endeavouring to examine the object of her attention. When she wished to entice it away from any place where she was afraid it should do harm, she had only to take up a book and fix her eyes upon it, when it immediately ran upon her hand and surveyed, with an inquisitive

air, what she was holding; and, strange to tell, it was very friendly with a cat and dog, with both which it played, getting about their heads, backs, and paws, without their doing it the least injury.

There is a disagreeable peculiarity in the weasel, which might be supposed little likely to recommend it as a lady's pet; but Mademoiselle de Laistre tells us she had discovered a method of dispelling its strong smell with perfumes. It is also probable that the nuisance was much abated by carefully selected food and by gentle usage, for all this tribe of animals emit their odour when irritated. I must add, by way of conclusion, some pleasing lines, being part of an elegy on a tame weasel:—

"Loving and loved; thy master's grief!
Thou couldst th' uncounted hours beguile,
And, nibbling at his fingers soft,
Watch, anxious for th' approving smile;
Or, stretching forth the playful foot
Around, in wanton gambols rove,
Or gently sip the rosy lip,
And in light murmurs speak thy love."

A WORD FOR CABBY.

THE following address to the public, by a cabman, was lately put into my hands. I quote word for word, knowing that the document will have most interest in a genuine unamended form.

"A CABMAN'S ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

"My daily duties commence by my going to the Stables at Seven in the Morning, (and to do it comfortably, I must be up between Five and Six); Twenty Minutes are occupied in Harnessing my Horse and making arrangements for the day; and I then leave, having to obtain Seventeen Shillings per day, during the Summer, the least being 11s. for the Winter Months for the use of the Cab and Horse, before I can earn anything for myself.

"I am now your servant; I take you to the Train, House of Business, Opera or Play; I am urged by some to 'put 'em along'; by others I am called a reckless driver; by some I am commended for driving steadily; others tell me they could roll it in less time, (my usual pace is Eight miles an hour.) By some I am told that I am drunk, (I have been an Abstainer Four Years,) others say start him if he won't have anything to drink; in fact, every epithet that the mind of man can frame I must hear, and every ebullition of passion I must patiently endure, or answer at the risk of being called insolent, and perhaps summoned for the same. Such is a specimen of the treatment which We Cabmen receive in our daily life from 'that ungrateful Taskmaster the Public.'

"I change my Horse between Two and Five in the Afternoon; and at that time I very often see Mechanics, especially in the Building trades, leaving their daily labour, and on Saturday Afternoon in the City the rest of nearly all has begun. I return to the Stable about half-past Nine o'clock, and after having watered my Horse, which I had out in the Morning; and other necessary duties; I go home and retire to rest about half-past Ten; and

rise again at the time which I have before mentioned.

"Some of us have but a few pence out of a Pound, after we have paid the Master and his subordinates; and have to walk Two or Three miles in the Morning and Night. My Fellow Drivers who have Families hardly speak to their children from one week's end to another. When they get up, their Children are in Bed or at School; and when they go home they are in bed.

"I would now address a few words to you professing Christians, and I ask you whether my Fellow Drivers shall have that day of rest which we so much need, and which a great many of us would highly prize. We cannot appeal to the Masters, for while you continue to employ Cabs on the Lord's Day, the Masters will continue to send us out. We cannot look to the Government: they have done much for us already, in remitting the duty, and rendering it optional whether the Master takes a Six or Seven days plate, (he pays Six Shillings per week for the Six days plate, and Seven Shillings per week for the Seven days plate), a concession which I think counterbalances every hardship, (apparent or real) which presses upon the Cabman. It is to you then, professing Christians, that We look; and We hope that you will not, by your individual example, aid a cause so destructive in its effects to the Souls and Bodies of your Fellow Men."

Such is the cabman's case.

Heartily wishing my unknown friend success in his appeal for a weekly day of rest, both on the score of fair play, and for the higher objects to which he refers, let me, meanwhile, bespeak the kind consideration of the readers of "The Leisure Hour" to Cabby's condition generally, I mean especially the London Cabby.

There is no denying that Cabby and the public live for the most part on bad terms. He is regarded by many as the very embodiment of extortion, discontent, and incivility. His hand is against every man, and every man's hand, in defence, is against him. An overcharge and dissatisfaction with a fare, however liberal, are things, as a matter of course, to be expected and provided against. Who can translate into Queen's English the grumbling gutturals of Cabby's dialect? Are not his very looks against him? That sinister and haggard countenance can only be caused by love of drink and cruelty to horseflesh. In this not very amiable light is Cabby too commonly regarded. In short, he is looked upon as a necessary public evil, rather than a useful public servant.

Now I do not mean to say that Cabby does not sometimes give good reason for the bad opinion entertained of him. Amongst ten thousand men, of a lowly class, with every disadvantage of early training and present occupation, it is to be expected that some thoroughly bad characters should be found. But, taking the London cabmen as a whole, there is room for kindly consideration from the public, as well as for improvement on their part. Society has contributed to make Cabby the uncouth creature he is, and society must lend a hand in his

amendment. Some of the noble and generous philanthropists who make the poverty and distress of our street-life their special study, have lately directed notice to the London cabmen. I wish to say a few words in support of the more charitable and generous opinion that has set in towards them.

It must be borne in mind that comparatively few cabmen are proprietors of the vehicles they drive. They usually rent them at so much a day, and the rent varies according to the localities in which they ply for hire, and the general appearance of the cab and horse. But in every case the rent charge is exceedingly high, and Cabby must do a good day's work, and take some extraordinary good fares, to pay the master and get anything for himself and family. With a hard master in prospect, with only a few shillings towards the daily rent in his pocket, with long waiting on the rank for a fare, and having to do with persons who are rigorously just towards him, however profuse they may be to waiters and porters, it is scarcely to be wondered at that Cabby now and then loses his temper, and asks what his heart would have, rather than what the law allows. It is an anxious time for him until he can "make his price" for the day.

Besides, however smiling and good-natured a Cabby may look, every one, from the porter at the railway station to the small boy at the hotel who is kept to run errands, from the apprentice in the Poultry to the man of fortune in Piccadilly, every one seems to have the liberty to say what they like to him. Respectful silence he is expected to maintain under the most cutting expressions or shabby treatment; for policeman X is on his beat, and the magistrate's office is not far off. Taking these two facts alone into consideration, the amount of money Cabby has daily to pay, and the treatment he daily receives, I do not wonder at his irritability and occasional impertinences.

Take the histories of two cabmen, one in the east, the other in the west of London, the former a day Cabby, the latter a night Cabby.

My friend Whitechapel lives in Grindman's Rents; he has a wife and four children. The collector comes round every Saturday night to demand four and sixpence for living in a broken-down tenement that imparts diseases that no doctor can ever cure. He is expected to pay every day seventeen and sixpence as cab rent, besides finding, at all events, bread for his family. These are his liabilities; and I have seen Whitechapel earnestly attempt to meet them day after day. He has risen at six o'clock in the morning, although, to use his own phrase, "he didn't turn in till half after eleven last night." He has been off to the stables to see after his nag, to try to patch over the bruise on the knees he got by yesterday's tumble; he gives a trifle to the ostler, and gently moves away to his stand, where the waterman's grumbling has to be silenced in a similar manner. He has to bear the abuse and threats of two or three on the rank, because he took a fare from their lawful possession on the preceding day. He takes his seat on the box if he is in a gloomy mood, or he has a chat with some of his brethren. By his cab he waits and waits; first cab goes, then second, and so

on until he is first cab. Hah! a fare. Open goes the door, and "Where to, Sir?" he demands; it is only a sixpenny affair after all his waiting, and that is thrown, of course accidentally, into the street, instead of being placed in his hand at the journey's end. Where shall he go now? If he returns to the rank, that will be filled up by new-comers, and his chance of a fare for many an hour will be small; and so perhaps he saunters from street to street, not daring to ask for passengers, but anxiously on the look-out for them, plying for fare off the stand not being allowed. And so the day wears away, bringing him now and then a stray shilling or so towards making up his seventeen and sixpence. Between ten and eleven he faces the master, who demands the rent of the day, and frequently poor Whitechapel is some seven or eight shillings behind, which amount is put to the next day's rent, leaving him nothing to take home to his wife and four children. And this is the daily history of many a Cabby; and it is not very wonderful that he does not take quite kindly to this state of things.

My friend Regent Street, a night cabby, sometimes does not fare much better than Whitechapel. In all weathers, amid rain, hail, and snow, he turns out about nine o'clock in the evening, and takes his stand upon the rank. The first part of the night, if he is in a locality where midnight amusements are going on, he may fare tolerably well, although he has patiently to put up with the insults of drunken and dissolute passengers. But as the small hours of the night draw on, his hopes of raising sufficient to pay his cab rent, and to get a little for himself, are slender indeed. Places of amusement are closed, members of Parliament are all gone home, and through the silent streets only the measured tread of the policeman echoes. For awhile he muffles himself up in his capes, and with a horse-rug over his knees, Cabby sits moodily upon his box, saying to every passer-by, "Cab Sir, cab Sir!" Then he walks up and down the rank, exchanging bitter experiences with his comrades, or endeavouring by increased circulation to defy the keen morning air. Perhaps he leaves one rank and drives off to another, hoping to meet with better success, and failing here, he goes to the nearest railway station to meet the night trains as they come in from the country. Forestalled here by the company's cabs, he, with many others who have come on a similar errand, has nothing to do but to bear his disappointment in the best manner he can. The day dawns and finds him cold and shivering, glad to obtain a penny cup of coffee from our street Soyers. The morning cabs begin to appear, and poor Regent Street must take his departure with the few shillings he has earned. He will have to hear his master say, "If this thing continues much longer, you can't drive any more for me, my man;" and he will have to say what he can to his landlord, get over his butcher and baker if he can, and, if he is a kind-hearted fellow, he will literally have to break down when he rejoins his poor famished wife and family. Cabby without his badge, and apart from his vehicle, is, I assure you, a human being, and is no

stranger to hardship and to the trials of hope deferred.

A word for Cabby, then, I trust will not just now be out of place. I see by the papers that Lord Shaftesbury has proposed to set on foot a cabman's club, consisting of a provident society, a reading-room, and general meeting-room. Cabby is putting on his best behaviour, and seems determined to try what effect politeness and civility will have upon the public. It is but common justice that those overtures on his part should be met with kindness and fairness by the public. We cannot do without Cabby. Paterfamilias coming up from the country, with a large family and no end of luggage; the broker, to whom a certain minute of a certain hour on 'Change will be worth hundreds of pounds; the traveller, hastening to catch his train; and the thousands to whom cabs are absolutely necessary, what would they all do without Cabby? We must keep him in existence; but the question is, whether we cannot, by kindness and sympathy, make his existence more pleasant to him and agreeable to us. Can he not be treated with the consideration which is usually shown towards useful servants, whether in the field or in the house? Can he not be spoken to as a human being, and paid fairly for the work he has done, even as the butcher, and baker, and other tradespeople receive their money? Can no allowance be made for occasional hasty words, when a desolate home rises into view, and Cabby has no money in his pocket to meet either his family or the master, with whom he is already heavily in arrears? Need people ask so frequently for his number, and talk so threateningly about magistrates and policemen, when they must know that Cabby, if not quite, is nearly in the right? Cannot a little, even a very little, of that charity which thinketh no evil be extended towards him? When people are good-natured, now-a-days, towards shoeblocks, sweeps, costermongers, and street venders of all descriptions, and even convicts and felons, cannot a minimum of attention be shown to my distressed friend? I do sincerely believe that Cabby is an improvable subject, and that, if the public will only lend a helping hand, we shall soon see a great change for the better in his daily behaviour. He has been made to feel that incivility on his part will not be to his advantage; let us see what effect kindness on the part of the public will have upon his conduct. My opinion is, that if he is fairly treated, he will shake off his uncouthness, and be as polite to passengers as policemen are to the Lord Mayor of London. It is with the hope that my readers will sympathize with this opinion, and daily remember it whenever they require my friend's assistance, that I volunteer this word for Cabby.

Let me offer one or two suggestions in conclusion. The difficulty, no doubt, will be to distinguish between the deserving and the undeserving; for many who would gladly be liberal to an honest, sober, hard-working man, are afraid of encouraging the intemperate and depraved. If the cabman's club already mentioned were properly organized, with branches in the different districts of the

metropolis, it would be easy for the members to have a distinctive dress, the wearing of which would be at least a guarantee of submission to certain rules and conditions besides the strict regulations of police. Take the case of the shoeblock brigade for illustration. The public know that any gratuity bestowed on the boys with the livery of that association is likely to be well bestowed and usefully applied. Bad conduct would deprive them of their distinctive dress, with its claims on public consideration. There is at least some guarantee for charity being well bestowed. Those cabmen willing to submit to certain regulations might, in like manner, be candidates for public favour, and the council of their club, or a jury of their own order, would, as far as possible, secure the good behaviour of the members. At present, the fear of punishment for bad conduct is the only motive in operation. Why not add the higher and stronger motive of hope of reward for good conduct? I leave this hint for the practical consideration of those who are now interesting themselves about the social condition of the London cabmen.

NOBILITY OF A RELIGIOUS LIFE.

HOWEVER humble the Christian's walk, or mean his occupation, it matters not. He who lives for the glory of God has an end in view which lends dignity to the man and his life. A man of piety may be lodged in the rudest cottage, and his occupation may be only to sweep a street, yet let him so sweep a street that, through the honest and diligent doing of his duty, God is glorified, and men are led to speak and think better of religion, and he forms a link between earth and heaven. He associates himself with holy angels; and, though at a humble distance, treads in the footsteps of that blessed Saviour, who, uniting divinity to humanity, as our Maker made all things for himself, and, as our brother man, whether he ate or drank or whatsoever he did, did all to the glory of God; and doing so, left us an example that we should follow his steps. Go and do likewise. Glorify God, and you shall enjoy him. Labour on earth, and you shall rest in heaven. Christ judges them to be the men of worth who are the men of work. Be thy life then devoted to his service. Now for the work, hereafter for the wages; earth for the cross, heaven for the crown. Go thy way, assured that there is not a prayer you offer, nor a word you speak, nor a foot you walk, nor a tear you shed, nor a hand you hold out to the perishing, nor a warning you give to the careless, nor a wretched child you pluck from the streets, nor a visit paid to the widow or fatherless, nor a loaf of bread you lay on a poor man's table, that there is nothing you do for the love of God and man, but is faithfully registered in the chronicles of the kingdom, and shall be publicly read that day when Jesus, calling you up perhaps from a post as mean as Mordecai's, shall crown your brows before an assembled world, saying, Thus it shall be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honour.—*Rev. Dr. Guthrie.*

VARIETIES.

DR. JOHNSON AS A REFORMER.—He was a tory, opposed to constitutional changes and the licence of the mob. But those who have represented him as a bigot to abuse, have not read his works. In many respects he was in advance of his age, or at least must be ranked amongst the foremost men in it. Years before Wilberforce had opened his lips against the slave trade or slavery, Johnson, in a company of "potent, grave, and learned seigniors" at Oxford, gave for a toast, "To the next insurrection of the negroes in the West Indies!" Boswell, who shared the common opinions of the time, boldly avers that he showed more zeal than knowledge on the subject, and that to adopt his notions would be "robbery of the planters, cruelty to the African savages," and, in a word, would be to shut the gates of mercy on mankind. As early, again, as 1751, Johnson published a paper in the "Rambler," in which he urged, with unanswerable arguments, a mitigation of our bloody criminal code, and showed that humanity and policy alike demanded the change. A little later, in the "Idler," he demonstrated the cruelty of allowing creditors, blinded by interest and inflamed by resentment, to imprison, at their private pleasure, debtors guiltless of fraud, and whose only crime was misfortune. His own poverty, and the arrests to which he had been subjected, together with the inhumanity he must have seen practised towards his obscure associates, had put him in a position to know and feel the injustice of the system. But in no shape did oppression find a friend in him, and he was not more zealous for order and authority than he was hostile to the ills which laws had caused, and laws could cure.—*Quarterly Review*, Jan. 1859.

THE CONGRESS OF VERONA.—Whilst looking at the cluster of crowned heads, it was impossible not to remark that the absolute lords of so many millions of men had not only nothing to distinguish them from the common race of mankind, but were, in appearance, inferior to what might be expected from the same number of gentlemen taken at hazard from any society in Europe. Nor was there to be seen a trait expressive of any great or attractive quality in all those who were to be the sources of so much happiness or misery to so large a portion of the civilized world. Yet some of those were notoriously good men in their private capacity, and scarcely one of them has been distinguished for vices eminently pernicious to society, or any other than the venial failings of humanity; or, as a writer of no democratic tendency says of them, "all excellent persons in private life, all scourges of the countries submitted to their sway."—*Lord Broughton's "Italy."*

THE JEWS OF MOROCCO.—The Jews are considered by the Mussulmans of Morocco in the light of unclean animals and enemies of God; and if they do not exterminate them, it is only because they are useful, and because true believers have a right to turn everything to account. Indeed, were the Jewish population suddenly removed from the country, such an event would be a public calamity of incalculable magnitude; for it is the Jew alone who can mend a lock, build a house, make gold and silver trinkets, coin money, decorate a room, or weave silk, all such handicrafts being regarded by the Mussulman with supreme contempt. Even the Sultan himself is obliged to have recourse to them for the collection of taxes or negotiations with Christians. Slaves in appearance, the Jews possess in reality all that power which superior talent and cunning can confer. Every night the Jews are shut up in a particular quarter inclosed with a wall, and it is only after sunrise they are allowed to enter the Mussulman town, where they have their shops. The Jewish quarter is called "Mellah," which means a place of damnation. Tangier alone has none, because that town is already "defiled" by the presence of the Christian consuls. The Jew is obliged to wear black clothes, that colour being the emblem of misfortune and malediction. If he passes before a mosque, a zaouia, or chapel,

or if he meet a holy man, a marabout, or a sherif, he must take off his shoes and carry them in his hand until he has passed them. They are not allowed to cross a Mussulman cemetery, and their women are publicly flogged on the slightest pretence, by a Mussulman woman specially designed for this function, and who is called the *ahrija*. If a Mussulman strike a Jew, the latter is not permitted to defend himself other than by flight or stratagem. When the Sultan passes through a town, the Jews have to offer him rich presents. Yet, with all this burden of servitude upon them, they never abjure their faith; but this constancy, certainly commendable in itself, is coupled with the grossest ignorance and superstition. They hate the Christians quite as much as the Mussulmans, although the little protection they enjoy at Tangier is due to the Christian consuls. When a Christian enters the house of a protected Jew, he is received with every mark of hospitality; but no sooner is his back turned, than the glass out of which he has drunk is broken into pieces, and everything he has touched is subjected to a rigorous purification, performed with many complicated ceremonies. A Jewish servant will not eat the meat she has cooked for a Christian, although bought at a Jewish butcher's, because it has been cooked in Christian vessels.—*Revue Contemporaine*.

MASSACHUSETTS TO CALIFORNIA.—When California was opened, the first settlers from Massachusetts took passage in whale-ships and merchantmen, whose average passage was six months. Clipper-ships soon reduced the journey to four months; steamers to the Isthmus brought it to one month; the Panama Railway has since made it three weeks; and now railways across the continent will diminish it to three or four days; and when, half a century hence, the population of these States shall have risen to a hundred millions, and the seat of Government has been transferred to the territorial centre, the citizens from the outposts and extreme frontiers may then meet at the capital in forty-eight hours from their respective homes.—*Hunt's (New York) "Merchants' Magazine."*

BOOKWORMS.—In paper, leather, and parchment are found various animals, popularly known as "bookworms." The larvæ of *Crambus pinguinalis* will establish themselves upon the binding of a book, and spinning a robe, will do to it little injury. A mite (*Acarus eruditus*) eats the paste that fastens the paper over the edges of the binding, and so loosens it. The caterpillar of another little moth takes its station in damp old books, between the leaves, and there commits great ravages. The little boring wood-beetle also attacks books, and will even bore through several volumes. An instance is mentioned of twenty-seven folio volumes being perforated in a straight line, by the same insect, in such a manner that, by passing a cord through the perfect round hole made by it, the twenty-seven volumes could be raised at once. The wood-beetle also destroys prints and drawings, whether framed or kept in a portfolio. The "death watch" is likewise accused of being a depredator of books. These details were collected by the experienced keeper of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, in 1841.

KING JAMES AND FARTHINGALES.—They then adjourned to the Banqueting-hall, King James having ordered proclamation against farthingales, which, he declared, "took up an unreasonable portion of the room in his court." The proclamation was really needed; for in one of the preceding masques in honour of this marriage, the ladies had stuck fast in the galleries, and could not enter the hall. The interdict caused by this comical incident, which occurred more than once in the reign of James I, is gravely quoted as one of the King's tyrannical laws. However, by favour of the royal forecast, the passages of Whitehall were, on this occasion, kept clear of these formidable circles of stiffened brocade.—"The Queens of Scotland and English Princesses," by Agnes Strickland.